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MODERN OCEAN HIGHWAYS.

By A. A. HAYES, Jr., Esq., F.R.G.S.

I am aware that the ocean highways, about which I shall have the pleasure of speaking to you this evening, come very much more within lines which are familiar to most of those present than the remoter regions about which you are in the habit of hearing in this place; but they have this advantage, that if the genius of travel be developed in this country as much during the next ten years as during the last, it is more than likely that many of you will put my descriptions to a practical test. I desire to say in advance that it is of course impossible for me to claim entire originality for all that I shall tell you. I have not been, for instance, to Australia, or over some of the byways to which I purpose alluding; but the great bulk of my information is derived from personal experience. I shall also apologize in advance for any departure which I may inadvertently make from that serious key in which I am aware that a discourse before a learned society should be pitched. I shall endeavor to state facts, and it is indeed in this respect that I shall claim a certain originality for my treatment of this subject. Most voyagers in these days seem irresistibly impelled, after passing a certain distance from their homes—to draw more or less upon their imaginations for the details which they furnish. I know of no one of the many books and collections of letters that are before the public—referring especially to the circumnavigation of the globe—in which absolute regard is had throughout for the simple truth; while on the other hand, there are many which seem modeled on the highly entertaining but scarcely veracious narratives of Monsieur Jules Verne. I have in mind a meeting which took place some years ago, between one of these travelers and myself. He was a writer of note, and a Doctor of Divinity—by-the-bye—and we met in San Francisco, each on his way around the world. I was going to say that he was bound to the East, but I must speak with great caution, for there is no place in the world where one becomes involved in such hopeless contradictions and paradoxes about the points of the compass as in this same San Francisco. I should have said that he claimed

that he was bound East, but I had just come from the countries to which he was journeying, and could most distinctly state that the setting sun had shone in the stern windows of the steamer's saloon as we sat at dinner each afternoon. Then they certainly said in San Francisco that he had come *from* the East, and that I was bound by rail *to* the East. I might have quoted to him what the engine from Sacramento is reported to have said to the engine from Omaha, when they met—"Pilots touching, head to head," at Promontory Point, in Utah, when the last rail of the Pacific Road was laid:

"You brag of your East, you do;
"Why, I bring the East to you.
"All the Orient, all Cathay,
"Find through me the shortest way,
"And the sun you follow here
"Rises in my hemisphere;
"Really, if one must be rude,
"Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

This, however, was an open question, and we readily agreed to disagree thereupon. Then he kindly gave me the schedule of his journey, which he was furnishing as special correspondent of a well-known journal. He began—New York to San Francisco, six days and some hours. Now you take the train from New York at half-past eight, say on Monday evening, and if all goes well, you can enjoy your California fruit and coffee at the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, at about the same hour on the seventh evening. As San Francisco is four hours behind New York, it is pretty clear that you have actually been seven days and four hours in making the journey. *Vice versa*, you leave San Francisco at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrive in New York at quarter past seven; and as New York is four hours ahead of San Francisco, your actual traveling time has been about six days and twenty hours. This latter fact, of which due notice is taken in the time-tables, furnished my friend with a basis for his first entry. Then, San Francisco to Yokohama, 22 days. I had here to remind him, that even if he risked taking the very last train which would catch the steamer, he would arrive at San Francisco at evening, and not sail until the next noon; and he ought to put 18 hours in there. Similarly, I showed him that he was ignoring the time required at Yokohama for the trifling forma-

lities of discharging cargo and taking in coal; matters of from 24 to 48 hours. It was at Hong Kong, however, that our differences culminated, as the absurdity of counting on an instantaneous connection there for the South was too much for my patience. Although there is no doubt that steamers belonging to the effete despotisms of Europe should regulate their movements entirely by the arrival of the American mail boats, the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and the Messageries Maritimes, with the obstinacy and self-sufficiency of such effete despotisms, insist upon arranging their weekly departures to suit themselves; so that the special correspondent might have six days to wait, and he should fairly allow at least $3\frac{1}{2}$.

I may as well complete this preliminary digression by stating the least time which any person would probably consume in making the circuit of the globe, who was reduced to the necessity of attempting such a useless performance:

New York to San Francisco	7 days.
At San Francisco, say.....	1 “
The trip between Yokohama and San Francisco was once made in between 14 and 15 days, but it would not be safe to allow less than.....	
At Yokohama.....	16 “
Yokohama to Hong Kong	1 “
At Hong Kong.....	6 “
Hong Kong to Marseilles.....	4 “
At Marseilles, and Marseilles to Liverpool.....	36 “
At Liverpool or London.....	2 “
Liverpool to New York	2 “
<hr/>	
Total	10 “
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Total	85 days.

By going across Egypt by rail and to Brindisi instead of Marseilles a day might be saved. I need hardly say that I should earnestly dissuade any one from attempting to carry out this schedule.

Anything like even a general mention of modern ocean highways would, of course, far transcend the limits of both the time allotted me, and your patience. I shall therefore describe some of the more important, with allusions to subsidiary and collateral ones.

It is not necessary to say much of the various routes between different ports of Europe and sundry points on the Eastern coast of the Americas from Hudson's Bay to the Straits of Magellan, and to the Atlantic islands; nor of those between different points on the Eastern American coast; nor of the well-known routes for sailing vessels from Europe and America around the Cape of Good Hope to Eastern Africa, the Persian Gulf, Hindostan, Ceylon, and the Bay of Bengal; nor of those by the Straits of Sunda to Java, Sumatra, Singapore, Siam, Saigon, China, Japan, Eastern Siberia, and Kamtschatka; nor again, of that to Australia and New Zealand.

There has been much of interest in the advancement of navigation in the broad Pacific. It is not many years since the destinations of vessels bound "around the Horn" were mainly the West Coast of South America, Panama, Mexico, the Pacific islands, and the many and divers haunts of the whale. The conquest of California by the United States in the Mexican war, and the subsequent discovery of gold, sent many sailing vessels by this same stormy route, and many steamers through the Straits of Magellan, to the little Spanish settlement of Yerba Buena, where now stands the fine city of San Francisco. There followed the inauguration of the Isthmus and Nicaragua transits and the services of steamers on both sides.

Next came the opening of Japan to commerce, and the realization that Yokohama was the natural objective point for a line from California; a conclusion which was emphatically clinched by the construction of the Pacific Railroad.

There is something in this connection to which I desire to call your attention. Japan itself and the route thither were opened by the United States; and if one may judge by recent occurrences, it is fortunate that these openings took place when they did, or they might never have taken place at all. We sent a formidable fleet, under Commodore Perry, to open communication forcibly, if necessary, with Japan, and it is proper to assume that we did not take all the heavy responsibility, and incur the heavy expense without deliberation, and full confidence in the justice of our action.

We did this because, as we declared, *no nation had the right to exclude citizens of other nations from her shores*. It was this cardinal principle which the Commodore was to maintain at the mouth

of his eleven-inch guns and Dahlgren howitzers. On the way to Japan the fleet stopped at China ports for supplies, and the "moon-eyed lepers," as it is now the fashion to call them, came to view the fire-ships of the Barbarians of the Flowery Flag with their accustomed stolid indifference. They ought, doubtless, to have changed their minds when they heard of the dictum, so distasteful to them, which said fire-ships were to enforce; and they must have learned with keen satisfaction that, within a quarter of a century, our Representatives at Washington, with a brutal and self-stultifying haste, have pitched the Declaration of Independence into the gutter, and have committed their country to the statements that this was all a mistake, that we did not mean anything of the kind, that what was sauce for the goose is emphatically *not* sauce for the gander, and that a nation *has* an undoubted right to exclude the citizens or subjects of another power from its borders (always provided that we are *sure* that the other won't fight), on the ground that there may be a chance of securing thereby, for one party or the other, a small fraction of the "working-man's vote." If any one tells you that the Chinese Government is angry or distressed at the action of Congress, I counsel you not to believe him, for I know of few things which could bring greater joy to the breasts of the officials of the Tsung-le-Yamun or Foreign Office, than the news that we had utterly abandoned the principle which we had supported so stoutly twenty-five years ago. This matter is quite apropos of Ocean Highways, inasmuch as they are in process of occupation by the Chinese, but I leave it with two predictions. One is, that we shall see ere long the crowning humiliation of our carrying trade, in the arrival of a Chinese mail steamer at San Francisco; and the other, that the passage of the Anti-Chinese Bill, happily described as the "first step in the Mongol conquest of the world," will inevitably, like chickens and curses, come home to roost.

The opening of the Pacific route to the Orient was an enterprise deserving of great praise, and it has done very much for the commerce of the world, but it has a most powerful competitor from that remarkable achievement, the construction of the Suez Canal, due, as you know, to the wonderful skill, energy and perseverance of that great executive manager, Ferdinand de Lesseps. The scoffings, and predictions of the total failure of this work, with which the English papers were filled during its construction, read very much

to-day as do the Cassandra-like forebodings and complacent chucklings of the same papers during our civil war; but, while they scoffed and prophesied, Mr. de Lesseps and the Khedive worked, and I can readily imagine that when the former, sitting in his comfortable bureau, read from his returns that the contributions of the English to his shareholders' dividends in the way of tolls exceeded all others, and then received a telegram saying that Earl Beaconsfield had gone down to borrow the money of the Rothschilds with which to buy out all the Khedive's shares, he thoroughly enjoyed the realization of the revenges which the whirligig of time had brought him.

I notice the Suez route as a formidable competitor of the American one, because it is freight, and not passengers, which must support a line, and this is carried in steamers through the canal without any transshipment from China and Japan ports directly to London and New York, at rates which are comparatively very low, and would not remunerate the combined sea and rail conveyances. For passengers and mails, however, and certain classes of freight, we offer unapproachable facilities from this country to Australia (by the line recently established), Japan and China, and competitive routes from England to the former two.

I shall now ask you to join me in some "fireside travels" over some of these principal highways, and we will first, if you please, go from San Francisco to Australia. Passing out through the Golden Gate, between Point Bonito and Point Lobos, we steer for the Sandwich Islands, and should arrive at Honolulu in about seven days. Leaving this port again, we proceed to New Zealand, and reach Auckland in, say, fourteen days more. Thence to Sydney is only about four. From hence one can go on around the world, by two routes—either by the old one to Melbourne and King George's Sound, and thence to Point de Galle, in Ceylon; or by the eastern coast of Australia, and through Torres Straits to Singapore; joining in both cases the so-called "overland route," which will be described later on.

Returning to San Francisco, we will now take a larger steamer, and shape a course towards Japan. It is a lonely track, a sail being rarely seen except when near land. In the days of the old side-wheel steamers—the most comfortable, if not the swiftest, that ever floated—the event of the voyage was the meeting with the sister

ship. The regularity of their movements was such that the time of this meeting could be predicted by the captain with great accuracy, and a very dramatic affair it was. The light or the smoke would be made out dead ahead, the great ships would come up alongside of each other, the homeward bound would send a boat for the exchange of papers and letters, and then both would go on again. Then comes the crossing of the 180th meridian, with its curious effect on the length of the passengers' lives. I hope that I know my duty in regard to this audience too well to open such a Pandora's box as is a discussion of this matter, for it has no rival in its power to disturb the happiest and most harmonious gatherings, and hazard the continuance of the warmest friendships. I will, therefore, merely state the fact that in going to Yokohama a day is dropped out, and in coming from it a day is put in; and I will then content myself with a description of the plan conceived by a friend of mine for putting this fact to a practical use. He proposed to establish a business office on the 180th meridian. When a draft was presented for payment he would go to the other side of the building and say that it was not due until next day, and next day he would declare that it was overdue, and not pay in either case. Unfortunately for the success of this scheme, there is on this meridian, through its whole length, from the regions which Lord Dufferin so happily described in this hall as "lying under Arcturus and lit by the rays of the Aurora," to the mysterious Antarctic continent, not a square foot of solid earth.

In due time Cape King is sighted, and the steamer runs into the Bay of Yedo and comes to anchor off the foreign settlement of Yokohama. Having discharged and received cargo and coaled, it will proceed south through Van Dieman's Strait, near a volcano which was showing signs of activity when I last saw it, over to and through the Formosa Channel and to Hong Kong. It will be more interesting to reach the same destination by another route, and this will give us time for two short excursions before sailing. I choose two out of many which are possible and profitable in this beautiful and most interesting country. We can first take a capital little narrow-gauge railroad some twenty miles north to Yedo, the ancient capital of the Tycoon (now called Tokio); and here, again, we can select but one object of interest—Shiba. This was, only a few years ago, a quiet, sombre, dignified retreat in the middle of

this bustling city, where sleep the Tokugawa clan—the family of the Tycoons or civil emperors, now superseded by the Mikado, formerly the spiritual monarch. A certain iconoclastic spirit is inseparable from the wonderful changes which have taken and are taking place in this country, and the results are not happy in an æsthetic point of view. We ought not to complain if the officials pull down the temples to furnish good timber for the navy-yard at Yokoska, which we passed in coming up the bay ; but I saw with great regret that the really solemn stillness of this spot had been disturbed by the abandonment of the restrictions as to entry, and by the introduction of booths and the hum of talk in the immediate neighborhood of the beautiful temple to the “Black True Buddha” (of which I shall show you a picture). Again, we can journey south by the Tokaido or great national road, turning off at Fujisawa to visit the image of Daibootz (Great Buddha), with its calm bronze face and picturesque surroundings. Then we go to Odawarra, beyond which wheels are not practicable—the “King’s Highway”—running up a gorge and climbing stone steps. Gradually ascending, and passing Lake Hakone, at an elevation of about 2,500 feet, we come to a place where the Hakone range breaks down to a sharp edge, at a point called the Tomi-Tomi Pass. Laboriously climbing this, we see, as our eyes come up to the level of the ridge, a sight never to be forgotten while life shall last, and sure to suffer in any description which I can give of it. We are say 4,000 feet above the level of a plain, with the sea washing its eastern shore—to which plain we look abruptly down. At its southern extremity rises, in simple majesty and picturesque grandeur, the great sacred mountain—the matchless Fusiyama. Try to remember that—unless you have journeyed to Oregon to view our Shasta, which Mr. Bierstadt has kindly described to me—you have never seen a high mountain rising from a plain level with the sea. Think of the peaks environing Mont Blanc, and remember that when you see Pike’s Peak you have already surmounted an elevation of some 6,000 feet, and then try to imagine this almost perfect cone, 14,000 feet, in plain sight from base to summit. Such is its fascination, that we are sure to miss the Shanghai steamer unless we tear ourselves away, hurry back to Yokohama, and embark. We follow the track of the Hong-Kong boat (and not only the American, but the French and English lines ply here) as far as

Oosima, and then turn into a passage leading to the famed Inland Sea. In about thirty-six hours we arrive at Kobe, or Hiogo, whence a railroad runs to Osaka. Thence we sail through a lovely sea, or succession of seas—of which you have often heard—through the Strait of Simoneseki, where the “Wyoming” had her fight some fifteen years ago, and so on to Nagasaki—entering a harbor which is, beyond a doubt, one of the loveliest spots in the world. I will say, here, that I must resist the temptation to dwell on the beauties and features of interest at this and many other spots which we are to pass. I should not know where to stop ; so that I shall rely on the pictures, and my brief comments thereon, to give you some idea of the characteristics of the various points. Between Japan and China lies the Yellow Sea, which is crossed in about forty hours ; and then the change in the color of the water, similar to that noticed in the Gulf of Mexico, shows that we are approaching the mouth of the Yangtze Kiang ; about fifty miles above which comes in the Wongpoo River, on which is Shanghai, the most important port of China. The foreign town has been rightly called the “Model Settlement,” and is an interesting place in many ways. It is situated on the dead level of the Yangtze Delta, and surrounded by damp rice fields ; but the foreigners have made it a pleasant residence. Steam lines run hence to Chefoo, Tientsin and Newchwang on the north, the ports on the Yangtze, Japan on the east, and to the coast ports to the southward—Hong Kong, Canton—and on to the west. One has been projected, also, to Wladivostok (the Russian station nearest to China) and the mouth of the great Amoor ; and I would gladly tell you, did time permit and were it germane to my subject, of the curious advance which Russia is making in these regions. You will, at any rate, be glad to have me point out the course of the telegraph wires in this portion of the East. One cable is laid to Hong Kong, where it connects with the China Submarine Line to Europe. Another is laid to Nagasaki, where it connects with the Japanese Government’s lines. A third is laid from Nagasaki, through the Straits of Corea, to Wladivostok, whence a special line was constructed to meet the Irkutsk and Amoor system, and thus give an alternative route to Europe. Mails, passengers and freight are conveyed from Shanghai to Europe by the weekly services of the “P. & O.” and French companies ; and, as the latter send their large steamers through the

canal, we will choose one of them. Leaving the river, we run through the islands of the Chusan Archipelago, and then down the coast and by the Lyeemoon passage into the harbor of Hong Kong. You are aware that this island is a British possession and colony, also a naval and military station. Hong Kong means the Island of Sweet Waters, and it is a beautiful place, as tropical places go. The town is built around the base and on the sides of terraced hills, and the Victoria Peak towers over it. From this port steamers run to Canton (a trip of about eight hours); the old Portuguese town of Macao; Manila, and the lower China Coast ports, Swatow, Amoy and Foochow. The P. & O. steamer runs direct to Singapore, but the "Messageries" boat stops at the French colony of Saigon in Cochin China. The running time to Singapore should be, with a fair monsoon, about six days. This important place, another British colony, is situated almost on the Equator, and has a perfectly even temperature from January to December. There is not a single glass window in the town, and one almost lives on his veranda. Here come in steamers from Australia, as before stated, and from Java. Then the route leads through the beautiful Straits of Malacca, and past the old settlement of that name, and near Acheen Head in Sumatra, where the Dutch have had to carry on such a disastrous campaign with the natives. The English steamers, but not the French, stop at Pulo Penang, considered the most beautiful island in the world. One can now go around the coast of the Bay of Bengal, to Rangoon, Maulmein, Akyab, &c., [the "rice ports," as they are called,] and finally reach Calcutta by this roundabout way; or he can go thither direct from Singapore. We proceed, however, a little north of west, and in about a week reach that quaint old tropical town—once Dutch, now English—Point de Galle, in Ceylon. In old days this was an important transfer point for passengers. The steamer from China, after touching here, went on to Bombay, while the larger steamer coming from Calcutta, and also touching here, went on to Aden and Suez. The same system was followed on the outward trip. Were one going to Calcutta, he entered his state-room at Suez, only to leave it at his destination, while his China-bound room-mate, as they entered Galle harbor, would be straining his eyes to see if the boat which was to take him on to Hong Kong had come in, with her hold full of opium, from Bombay. The homeward-bound China passengers (generally, I am happy to

say, jolly and cosmopolitan people, and excellent friends, after a fortnight's association), would find themselves at Galle regarded as interlopers by the Bengal "qui-his," as they are called, or high and mighty Anglo-Indians. Before long, however, all became pretty good friends. In common with many others, I myself have a most agreeable recollection of short stops at this spot, with "tiffins" of cocoanut curry and fried plantains in a stone-floored room in plain sight of the light-house and the Indian Ocean. It was here, as you know, that Bishop Heber said that

—"every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

We need but to drive to Wauk-Walla or the Cinnamon Gardens to be sure about the former, while you generally have what seems to you conclusive proof of the latter when you find that you have bought some glass sapphires or diamonds (this is believed to have been the Ophir of the Bible), or when you come to pay your bill at the hotel. I shall never forget a friend of mine who received his account in my presence. He read and reread it with deliberation, then walked up to the office with a mild smile irradiating his countenance. Pointing out the voluminous list of items and detestable "extras," he said to the proprietor, "I find two omissions here." "Ah, indeed; what may they be?" was the reply. "For looking at Mr. P— ten rupees. For *not* looking at Mr. P— fifteen rupees!" ejaculated my friend with a sudden vehemence.

Now, as you may know, a railroad has been built across India, and passengers from its Eastern presidencies travel in comfortable cars to Bombay and sail thence, thus avoiding the cyclone-swept Bay of Bengal; and all the French boats, as I have said, and some of the English go through from China. Leaving Ceylon, we cross the Arabian Sea, pass near the Island of Socotra, endeavor to avoid Cape Guardafui, the northeastern point of Africa, on which several fine vessels have been lost, enter the Gulf of Aden, and arrive at the town of that name. This station has long been known. In the fifteenth century the Portuguese fought for it, and the Turks in the sixteenth. In the eighteenth it was chiefly governed by native chiefs. Aden may be called a sentry-box of England on her road to India. The keeping open of this road being of most vital importance to her imperial interests, she neglects nothing which can serve in that direction; and in 1840 she took possession of this place, then

consisting of some mud huts roofed with mats, and containing some 600 inhabitants; now it is understood to have about 25,000. It is strongly and splendidly fortified and heavily garrisoned. You can imagine the appearance which it presents from the sea when I tell you that it is exactly like an enormous pile of coke. Connecting it with the main land of Arabia is a narrow strip of sand, commanded by heavy batteries, the rammers standing ready by the guns. The earth for the little garden, owned by the agent of the P. & O. Co., was brought in bags from Ceylon and Mauritius. The coast of Arabia is uniformly of a desolate and savage aspect, and the rocks look black and scorched; for it is in the interior that we must look for frankincense, gums, spices, dates and honey. Even the sparkling streams are lost as they approach the shores of this comparatively unknown country. Here come in steam lines from Mauritius and Reunion; and "Steamer Point" is quite a busy place with its coaling places, its curious general store kept by an enterprising Parsee, and its crowds of natives with their clay-besmeared red hair trying to swindle the passengers with their ostrich feathers.

Leaving Aden, we soon enter the famed Red Sea through the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb, meaning the "Gate of Tears," and thus fitly named by the early navigators, who found them perilous indeed. Here we pass the Island of Perim, which has a curious history. The French determined to take possession of it, and sent a vessel for that purpose, which stopped at Aden for coal. The officers were invited to dine by the British commandant, and as the generous wine passed round the board they talked somewhat freely of their plans. More wine was brought, and while it was in process of consumption, steam was hurriedly gotten up on the first available British vessel. When the Frenchmen were calling for soda-water in the morning, she was well on her way, and when they arrived at Perim they found the English flag already flying; and there it has flown ever since. What you see from the steamer is a small knoll with a lighthouse surrounded by a wall. Bearing this in mind, you then appreciate the merit of a description once given of it. Many of you know *Bradshaw's Guide*, the great manual of English railway time-tables, containing, as *Punch* said, (happily commenting on its eccentric and complicated arrangement), different classes of trains—trains which start but don't arrive, trains which arrive but don't start, and trains which neither start nor arrive. Having exhausted Great Britain and the continent, Bradshaw sought "fresh fields and pastures new," and published a "Guide to the East," the most impu-

dently inaccurate affair ever palmed off on a gullible public. This miserable little knoll is described somewhat as follows: "Perim, an island at the entrance to the Red Sea. In its harbor the navies of the world might ride at anchor. Supply of water inadequate; *hotel third rate!*"

None of the explanations of the name of the Red Sea are satisfactory or conclusive;—whether we trace it to sand, coral, or a plant which grows in the water, and yields a red color for dyeing cloth. The Arabs call it Bahr Soof. It is long and narrow, and divided by the Peninsula of Sinai at the upper end into the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akabah. Its navigation has at all times been considered difficult and dangerous, and although steam and light-houses have contributed to lessen the danger, its passage calls for watchful care. It is almost impossible for a sailing vessel to reach Suez between May and November. The temperature is high, but the heat is more of a bugbear than is usually supposed unless one is obliged to go down the sea in Summer, in which case he must expect to suffer. On the eastern side are Mocha and Djiddah, (the port of Mecca) where arrive hordes of pilgrims on their way to the tomb of the Prophet.

In thus voyaging near those lands in which tradition places the cradle of our race, it certainly seems somewhat of a misnomer to speak of *Modern Ocean Highways*. Granted, that Lieutenant Waghorn, who projected this modern Red Sea route to India, has not been very long dead; granted, too, that Mr. De Lesseps dug the Suez Canal,—but what says the Royal Preacher?—"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done, is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun."

If there is one word in particular which we commonly use without an adequate conception of its meaning, it is "antiquity," and we ought to visit these regions to improve our comprehension thereof. Not far from the head of this sea stands that one Great Pyramid which Professor Piazzi Smith says was built by a race of Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, to which belonged Melchisedec. Across the Gulf of Suez, according to tradition, went the children of Israel. There is a record of the navigation of this Red Sea some three thousand two hundred years before the day of Lieutenant Waghorn, and triremes went through a Suez canal two thousand five hundred years before Mr. De Lesseps was born. Hebrew and Phœnician ships sailed down this sea, on their way to Ophir, in the fourteenth century before Christ. Eastern merchandise passed up it, on the

way to Venice, twenty-eight hundred years later. Then the route around the Cape was opened, and travel left the Red Sea. But now the Canal of Neco, the son of Psammetichus, which ran from the Nile, near Bubastis—closed for long centuries—lives over again in the fresh water branch of Mr. De Lesseps' great work, and the four thousand-ton steamer has replaced the triremes. Its old glory is more than restored to the Red Sea, after ages of patient waiting, "That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been."

In about six days after leaving Aden, we see the scorched mountains on the African side, and the Sinai range on the east. The peak commonly accepted as Sinai itself cannot be seen from the steamer, but voyagers, particularly those outward bound, insist on seeing it. As a shorter way of disposing of the question than argument, a convenient mountain has been selected and is shown. It is happily known as the "Passengers' Mount Sinai." Then comes into view the *olla podrida* of foreign buildings and squalid native huts, which make up Suez, known earliest in history as Arsinoe. Its associations are interesting, but a short sight of it will make you take them all for granted; and we enter the mouth of the canal, which is to the east of the town. Many of you may know that the regular salt water canal, some ninety miles in length, is cut from sea to sea, passing through the Bitter Lakes and Lake Menzaleh en route; while the smaller, or fresh water canal, runs from the Nile to Suez. The canal varies in width, being sometimes hardly more than broad enough for the steamer, and it is provided with turn-outs. Vessels have to take an experienced canal pilot and run only by day, and at about five kilometres per hour. If you start early in the morning, you are likely to pass the night in sight of Port Said, and to have an opportunity of going ashore and inspecting the desert in that wonderfully cool, exhilarating, evening air. Ismailia, where the Khedive has a palace, and Mr. De Lesseps a cottage, is passed about midway, and then comes Port Said, a place as emphatically the product of the canal, as the canvas and rough board settlements of the plains are those of the railroad. It need not detain us long, but we must admire the fine harbor, made by building a concrete break-water at the west of about a mile in length, and one at the east of about half a mile. Here is the second best light in the European seas, excelled only by that at Havre. Some of my views will help me give you a correct idea of the canal, and as my set ends at Port Said, I will now show them to you, and then ask of your patience the time for a few remarks in concluding my lecture.

LIST OF VIEWS.

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| 1. Map of Pacific Ocean. | 26. Sampan. |
| 2. P. M. Steamer "China." | 27. Shanghai. |
| 3. " " "City of Pe-king." | 28. French Steamer "Iraouaddy." |
| 4. Honolulu. | 29. Hong-Kong (Praya). |
| 5. Sydney. | 30. " " (Public Gardens and Harbor). |
| 6. " " | 31. " " (Clock Tower). |
| 7. Yokohama. | 32. View at Singapore. |
| 8. Shiba. | 33. Club at Singapore. |
| 9. Small Temple at Shiba. | 34. Parade Ground [Singapore]. |
| 10. Daibootz. | 35. Point de Galle. |
| 11. Tokaido, near Odawarra. | 36. Hotel at Point de Galle. |
| 12. " " Hakone. | 37. Hotel Verandah at Point de Galle. |
| 13. Bridge near Tokaido. | 38. English Church at Point de Galle. |
| 14. Japanese Cottage. | 39. View in Ceylon. |
| 15. Ashinoyu. | 40. Aden Harbor. |
| 16. Lake Hakone. | 41. " Cantonments. |
| 17. Fusiyama (large view). | 42. Suez. |
| 18. " (small view). | 43. " Mouth of Canal. |
| 19. Kobe. | 44. Plan of Canal. |
| 20. Nagasaki (Entrance to Harbor). | 45. Dredge in Canal. |
| 21. Papenberg. | 46. Port Said. |
| 22. Nagasaki (Inner Harbor). | 47. Square at Port Said. |
| 23. Desima. | |
| 24. Canal at Nagasaki. | |
| 25. Bungalow at Nagasaki. | |

Leaving Port Said, we traverse the blue waters of the Mediterranean, are on the track of the Apostle Paul, perhaps encounter the same "stormy wind called Euroclydon" which troubled him, pass at length through the beautiful Straits of Messina, and stop at Naples; or we take our chances of the "mistral" in the Gulf of Lyons and go to Marseilles. We can also leave the steamer at Ismailia, and go to Cairo and Alexandria, and then to all parts of the Mediterranean. The P. and O. steamers go to Brindisi and Venice, Malta, Gibraltar, and Southampton; the Austrian Lloyd's to Trieste. To London and Liverpool the journey is simple and easy, and then we have to sail for New York.

In speaking of ocean highways we must, as the saying goes, "draw the line somewhere," and I propose to draw it east of the "ocean ferry."

It is remarkable that our people of all ranks and classes, young and old, great and small, "the old man and the infant of days," look forward eagerly to, enjoy in itself, and remember with delight, the voyage to Europe, while if you propose to them to go to the

East, they take *omne ignotum pro terribile*, conjure up visions of danger, and respectfully decline. I remember a young New Yorker sitting, in the flush of health and strength, in a luxurious dining-room at Shanghai, smoking a fine cigar; who had just come from the commodious steamer in which his voyage had been safe and prosperous, and was waiting for a brougham to take him out to a particularly good dinner; and who told me that his friends at home had done all in their power to dissuade him from encountering the *hardships of a visit to China*. Permit me, as a comment on such sentiment, to tell you, on the faith of an old traveler, that of all the long journey around the globe, from the time that you lose sight of the spire of old Trinity until it again comes in view, the portion the most uncomfortable, the most patience-trying, the most dangerous, is that between Liverpool and New York.

I have spoken of existing ocean highways, and must very briefly allude to projected ones. Regarding the canal at the Isthmus of Darien or Nicaragua, I think of but one thing omitted to be said when Admiral Ammen described it so well in this hall, and that is that while the Suez Canal is useless for sailing vessels, this will give them a ready passage. What a revolution it will make you can easily conceive. Then, do you remember the North-west Passage, in searching for which that great captain, Sir John Franklin—on whose tablet in Westminster Abbey we read: “Oh ye Frost and Cold, oh ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord!”—lost his life? And have you heard, too, of the North-east Passage, to search for which the brave Nordenskjöld has gone? From the days of Hendrik Hudson until now men have not been wanting, nor will they be in the future, willing and eager to attempt to penetrate into the desolate Arctic Ocean:

“A weird and awful sea, its surges roll
In solitude, and unexplored expand
From age to age around the Arctic Pole,
And beat with hollow roar a frozen land,
Whose adamantine crags behold no sail
Reel on that howling ocean to the northern gale.”

Did you ever read of the aged Humboldt lying, in the last days of his life, in his darkened room, and seeing pass before his closed eyes delightful visions of the scenes of his former wanderings; the majestic Amazon, the tall peaks of the Western World, the luxuriant verdure and gorgeous sunsets of the Eastern tropics? So, permit me to say to you, in conclusion, there is no way of which I know whereby you can, given certain conditions, find more present pleasure, or lay up richer store of enjoyable retrospect, than by a personal inspection of

MODERN OCEAN HIGHWAYS.